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THE TATLER and BYSTANDER

LONDON
MARCH 24, 1948

Two Shillings
Vol. CLXXXV11. No. 2437



Bassano

THE HON. MRS. MICHAEL WILLOUGHBY is the wife of Lord Middleton's elder son and heir, whom she married in October of last year. Before her marriage she was Miss Janet Marshall-Cornwall, daughter of General Sir James and Lady Marshall-Cornwall. Sir James, who is Colonel Commandant of the Royal Artillery, was G.O.C.-in-C. Western Command from 1941 to 1942. During the war the Hon. Michael Willoughby was awarded the M.C. and Croix de Guerre while serving with the Coldstream Guards. His father is Lord-Lieutenant of the East Riding of Yorkshire



Some Portraits in Print

Being the lucubrations of your most obedient scribe, Mr. Gordon Becklef

ONE morning last week I was walking along Pall Mall (and wondering why, as Easter comes but once a year, it could not arrange to arrive on the same date), when I turned into the office of the wine merchant.

He gave me the good news that certain of the most elegant of wines are returning to us this spring.

The business of selling good wines in this country happily retains much of its social distinction, although never rivalling that of the beer trade's intimate link with the peerage.

This wine merchant's firm has been doing business on the same spot since the eighteenth century. On his walls hang a dozen or so Royal Warrants. One is dated 1829, ensuring a further plentiful supply to gouty old George IV—who died within a year. He (and “the wicked uncles”) had been doing business with the firm for many years as Prince of Wales, buying their “foreign cordials” (now called “liqueurs”) then stocked in amazing variety.

One was called “Eau d’Or.”

Does anyone remember this repulsive drink of the fashionable *demi-monde* of the day before yesterday? For all I know, of course, it may be the favourite breakfast tippie of book-makers still, but I have not seen it since Rudolph Stulik (the “amiable Stutz” in Michael Arlen’s *Green Hat*) gave me some in his old Eiffel Tower restaurant.

“Eau d’Or” was full of particles of some kind of gold leaf, and I seem to remember it was then labelled as “Eau de Danzig.”

If I were to choose the bouquet of a wine that symbolizes Easter, the temptation would be to select a moselle or hock. A good moselle seems to have a sunlit simplicity in its character suitable to the season, even if its names are not the most euphonious: Euchariusberg, Trarbach, and Piesport, etc. Such wines as these are the ones which are returning to us this spring, after the war years, during which the South African vintages have made considerable headway. The vineyards are now mostly controlled by the French, which is lucky, for although the French have ever been jealous of the German wines, they have a deep respect for a vineyard.

Their own fine wines (and all in all, of course, they are the finest in the world) have suffered less than many things in France. The

’43 vintages—a fine year, I am told—will shortly be engaging the attention of the connoisseurs.

Wine is certainly being drunk in quantities by people who seldom touched it before the war. Why? The wine merchant’s analysis is a reasonable one: young people in the Services got a taste for it abroad, it is relatively cheap, and most certainly cheaper than spirits to-day, the prices of which have been allowed to run riot across the market.

The changing fashion in drink is an interesting chapter in social history. Each war has made its peculiar contribution.

Before 1914 gin held pride of place, and three times more of it was sold than whisky, and much of that whisky was rye. A “pennorth and ’aporth” (being beer and gin mixed) was a popular public-house drink.

Sherry was the favoured aperitif above stairs.

Then, during those long and blood-soaked war years, the sustaining value of Scotch came to be recognized. No longer did people whisper of a man “he’s taken to whisky” as a reproach.

It was the cocktail habit that helped to put gin back into the glasses. On one side, in those post-war years of rivalry, there was Lord Dewar with his anecdotal championing of whisky, while on the opposite side of the ring stood the white-coated cocktail shaker, symbol then in elderly eyes of the profligate character of modern youth.

I WAS on my way—on this particular morning—to talk to a man about the Lord Mayor’s appeal for the hungry and needy children of the world.

Being before the time of our meeting, I turned into the National Gallery for a few minutes. They have hung a couple of their Renoirs—the barmaid and the couple in the stage box—in some glory around the staircase leading to what I have heard described as those “clean Old Masters”—a Viennese lady described a retrospective show at Burlington House some years ago as one of “diseased British artists.” Certainly in the full glare of a hard spring sun the effect of some of these familiar canvases is startling, and in a couple of cases highly reminiscent of a grocer’s Christmas calendar.

However, it has given *The Times* columns

and columns of free controversy, and even now a plaintive little letter often creeps in from some distant vicarage or scholar’s retreat to register disapproval.

The rest of the Gallery is slowly getting back to normal, but it will be some time before its most distinctive asset can be restored: the admirable arrangement of the various schools of painting in sequence.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS is more usually associated with the Royal Academy than the National Gallery, yet to see a Reynolds in the latter is to see it on its home ground. When he returned from his first Italian trip, he set up his easel in St. Martin’s Lane, but business became so brisk—his diary for 1755 records sittings with 125 people—that a move was made to nearby Newport Street, and finally to the fine studio in Leicester Square, a hundred yards away from the National Gallery site.

It was here that Reynolds made the bulk of the £80,000 fortune that he left. Some illuminating details of how he made it are given in the recent reprint of the Red-graves’ *Century of British Painters*,* first published in 1866.

When he started in St. Martin’s Lane his prices for portraits were: three-quarters, ten guineas; half-length, twenty guineas; whole length, forty guineas. By the time he had reached Leicester Square they were twenty-five, fifty and one hundred guineas for the three classes of portraits. From that time onward he began to charge more on individual capacity to pay, I gather. For the replica of “Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse,” in Dulwich Gallery, he got seven hundred guineas.

Two hundred guineas for a portrait was his most usual charge towards the height of his career.

On the subject of money, and Leicester Square, might I suggest to Hollywood’s darling down at the Board of Trade that if he is looking for a way for the Americans to spend some of that surplus cash, it might be devoted to putting Leicester Square back to something like its original state? At present it has the appearance of a shabby section of film-crazed Broadway, and heaven knows that is vulgarly shabby enough until the lights on

**A Century of British Painters*. Phaidon Press, 10s. 6d.



the signs come on—when it is merely vulgar. And if anyone wants to start just one more by-law on its way, why not one banning any public exhibition of a moving picture puppet's face more than two feet between eyelash and rosebud mouth?

REYNOLDS fancied himself as something of a chemist in the studio, indeed, an alchemist and it was sad on this morning to find in a corner the loveliest of child portraits, "The Age of Innocence," showing the signs of fading which have marred many of Reynolds's canvases through his experiments with paints.

"The Age of Innocence" is veined with cracks. But how lovely a pose of childhood has he captured.

It was only when standing in front of this little picture in the corner that I remembered that I was on my way to talk about the hungry children of the world.

One wonders whether it might not be wiser to show such a picture of happy childhood as this to arouse the world's conscience rather than the "actuality" photographs which are apt to make people so ashamed of civilization that they too hurriedly dismiss the whole matter from their minds?

I have heard it observed that it seems little use in contributing to a United Nations Fund if the "iron curtain" countries, by concealing its origin, conspire to make political capital for themselves out of such charity.

Well, let 'em, say I; if only the kids get the benefit.

ONE half of the money raised by the Lord Mayor's United Nations Appeal for Children fund will be spent on food, medical supplies and clothing for the children of such countries as Austria, Greece, Italy, Poland and Yugoslavia; one-fifth will be reserved for the urgent needs of children here; one-fifth to certain children's agencies in devastated countries; and one-tenth for educational equipment. I understand that it is Mr. Bevin who has remarked that if every trade unionist gave one shilling in this country £400,000 would swell the fund.

How many families with children still say grace before or after their meals? Or is this act of humility and gratitude another victim of current cynicism? And are there families which prefer the reading of a few words from a London School of Economics pamphlet to old-fashioned grace?

If every member of a family in this great kingdom gave only sixpence with the saying of any kind of grace on Easter Sunday—it would mean a million pounds.

Two couples I saw on that morning walk along Pall Mall have a place in the London scene.

Outside the Reform Club two German p.o.w.s were asking, of a member apparently, the way. Perhaps it was even the couple whom an officer at a camp told me last week reported that the most remarkable thing they had seen in London was a handful of pennies lying on an untended pile of evening papers in Piccadilly Circus. I enjoy these revelations of our visitor's minds, all the more when they are unwilling guests.

The other couple were those two amiable old bucks who have been seen in other parts of the West End of recent weeks. They were wearing battered top-hats, Union Jacks in the buttonholes of their frock-coats and were playing a barrel-organ outside the club.

I hesitate to specify the club. Perhaps they were old members? Disinherited of their estates or ruined by the ban on car travel? Or collecting for their subscriptions?

Or perhaps a couple of surrealist ghosts of the Pall Mall men of yesterday?

AESOP'S FEEBLES

Miss Rabies, Head of St. Emulsion, Viewed cricket and football with revulsion. Most girls' schools, she averred, were imitation

Boys' schools, whereas true emancipation Would occur for the first time in recorded History, when instead of apeing the sordid

Pursuits of youths, low-minded and pimply, Girls trained for their own careers.

Put simply

The plan, too logical, in fact miscarried
Solely because the husbands, if you please,
Couldn't afford the St. Emulsion fees!
One more appalling illustration
Of woman's economic subjugation.

Immoral: Down with all men, Trotsky, and Vaccination!

—Justin Richardson

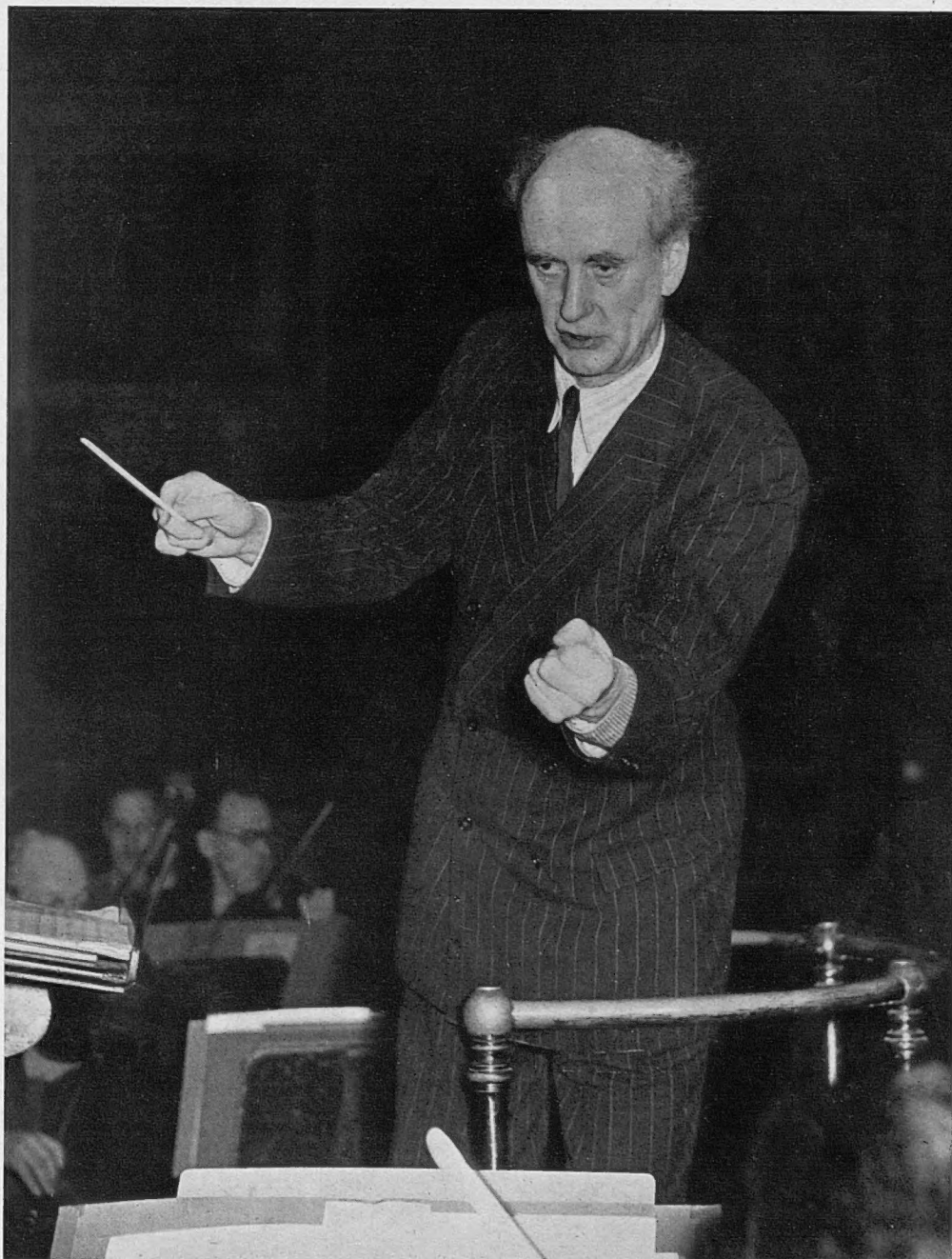
MISS RABIES

As the result of long and scientific Tests, it was discovered that a terrific Number of women became wives and mothers;

This career predominated, and all others Were marginal misfits. Hence, said Miss Rabies

In future all her girls would be trained to have babies—

No girls must come to the school until they married.



WILHELM FURTWÄNGLER rehearsing the London Philharmonic Orchestra in the Albert Hall, before one of the ten concerts for which he has been guest conductor. Most of the concerts, the last of which is being given tomorrow, have been at the Albert Hall and Covent Garden, but he has also been with the orchestra to Watford and Wimbledon. One of the Albert Hall concerts was for the L.P.O. Pensions Fund, to which Furtwängler also gave his fee

Anthony Cookman
with Tom Titt

At the Theatre

"Carissima"
(Palace)

IN the light musical theatre we are, according to revue writers, the friends of every country but our own. A joke must have a foreign trade mark before we are amused by it; no Robinson or Brown can hope to be recognized by us as a musician; and on our seemingly endless enthusiasm for *Oklahoma!* and *Annie, Get Your Gun* the American export drive flourishes.

These witty fellows do us much wrong. We may have thought that the American shows at Drury Lane and at the Coliseum introduced a new standard of efficiency in the production of mammoth "musicals." We did not on that account go about seeking American naturalization papers. When Mr. Cochran produced, in *Bless the Bride*, a show equally efficient in the English way we rallied round, and continue to rally round, gratefully.

Now comes *Carissima*. Very likely we shall rally round that, too. If that happens what plainer vindication of our patriotism can we give? The satirical boys may still cock a snook at our taste, but that is our misfortune, not our fault.

FOR the home-produced *Carissima* blandly ignores the American challenge. It is brightly and lavishly inefficient in the good old way and might be exhibited as a specimen of average musical

romance for a period covering the lifetime of any of us.

The story? The story exists for the sake of the songs, and Contessas may talk like chambermaids without breaking its texture of probability, but no attempt seems to have been made to work it out in such a way as to bring in the songs with any special snap of appropriateness. The story rambles on as though it were something good in itself.

As for Mr. Eric Maschwitz's songs, they exist for the sake of the singers, but the utter banality of the words do nothing to assist the singers.

THE singers? There we have complete efficiency. They are Miss Elizabeth Theilmann and Mr. Lester Ferguson, and so delightfully do they sing that if indeed we rally round *Carissima* we may perhaps claim some credit for taste as well as for patriotism. It is on the mellifluous sound of their voices, not on what or why they sing, that the success of the piece must depend.

Miss Theilmann may be expected to bring the story to a standstill with "I'll be Waiting for Love," and Mr. Ferguson will certainly do the same thing with "Far in the Blue"; but at such moments they are soloists wearing fancy dress on

a concert platform and we, forgetting that they are characters in a musical romance, lean back and enjoy the sense of Italian style which these vocalists have brought from the Cambridge Theatre.

WHEN they are not singing we have to accept them for what they are supposed to be, and that is hard going. He is a famous tenor who has fled from America to escape the pesterings by letter and telephone of a business woman who wants him to launch a new perfume with a radio song. He has taken refuge in his native Venice whither the business woman pursues him. It would be unreasonable to forbid the self-effacing tenor to sing in the streets, and when the lady hears his voice she supposes that she has found an obscure gondolier with the voice of a famous tenor. He humours her delusion and in humouring it just touches and then comes near to breaking her heart.

Miss Shirl Conway plays very competently the unrewarding part of a heroine who draws and snaps and forces back her angry tears but has no songs. Mr. Charles Farrell provides what humour there is, and a good pantomime chorus works brightly and energetically at Venetian local colour.



The Lovely Perfume Seller (Shirl Conway) listens with complacency as her two singers (Lester Ferguson and Elizabeth Theilmann) carol in a way to set a continent talking of her sponsored radio programme. Kicking a lively toe is Lily Bartell, while on the other side the Contessa (Hannah Watt) watches the scene with approval and Lord Poleigh (Hugh Dempster) with dawning alarm. In the background the Carnival of Venice provides a colourful frieze



Houston Rogers

"BURLESQUE" is a revival of the play about backstage life which introduced Claire Luce to the London stage in 1928. Now it has been adapted as a musical version with Bonar Colleano as Skid, the comedian with more than a taste for the bottle, and Marjorie Reynolds as Bonnie, his wife. In this scene Skid receives a telegram from a famous Broadway agent offering him a job in a Broadway show. Behind him stand Bozo, the second comedian (Thomas Godfrey), Gussie, Bozo's wife (Aletha Orr), Bonnie (Marjorie Reynolds) and Mazie (Zoe Gail) the soubrette of the burlesque show

The Gossip Backstage

IT is some time since Sonia Dresdel was seen in the West End. Since her last appearance she has been filming in *This Was a Woman* in the part which brought her so much acclaim at the Comedy Theatre. She is making her return to the stage on April 21 when at the Arts Theatre she will appear in the leading part in *Break Up*, by the Norwegian playwright Helge Krog. Also in the cast will be Robert Harris and Andre Morell and Dennis Arundell will produce.

Meanwhile *Major Barbara* opens a three weeks' season at the Arts on Monday. This is Peter Glenville's production which has recently been touring the mining district of South Wales under the wing of the Arts Council.

A CURIOUS distinction is claimed by Roger Maxwell who plays the pompous M.P. in *Off the Record* at the Piccadilly: He has now played over 1,000 times in the Ian Hay—Stephen King-Hall companies without missing a single performance.

This record is composed of 387 appearances in *The Middle Watch* (1929), 227 in *The Midshipmaid* (1931), 192 in *Admirals All* (1934) and over 300 in *Off the Record*.

"The remarkable thing about these successes," he told me, "is that the first three were all produced in August, not usually regarded among theatre folk as a good month for opening. The present play opened in June last year and it didn't start very well. But as soon as August arrived business boomed and it has boomed ever since."

MARGARET BARTON has just taken over the part of Dolly Clandon in *You Never Can Tell* at Wyndham's Theatre in succession to Brenda Bruce who is going into the Aldous Huxley play, *The Gioconda Smile*. "Thus," she says, "I succeed

at the third attempt." She was originally cast for the part in the Shaw play but *Fly Away Peter* came along and claimed her. Then when the second chance occurred she was due to play her rôle in the film of *Fly Away Peter*. Now she is free.

MENTION of *You Never Can Tell* brings to mind that Uppsala University has honoured the Cambridge A.D.C. with an invitation to tour the universities of Sweden with the play between April 3 and 17. This is a pioneer venture for the Cambridge Players (now busy rehearsing) are the first university company to undertake such a task.

There are obviously great possibilities in the scheme from the point of view of international friendship, and by way of helping in this exchange of drama a Swedish company is to visit England in May with a production of Strindberg's *Easter*.

FEW playgoers, I suppose, know that Jessie Evans, whose brilliant performance as Miss Hoyden is one of the high points of that hit show, *The Relapse* at the Phoenix, is a nurse as well as an actress.

Before the war she trained for three years at St. Mark's Hospital in her home town, Swansea, and when war broke out she joined the Civil Nursing Reserve. She had her evenings free and, stage-struck since her childhood, she joined a small local repertory company. Starting as an assistant stage manager and small part player she learned so rapidly that she was soon producing plays and acting leading rôles and when the director of the company joined up she took his place. She ran the theatre for five years and in the first three made £8,000 for the hospital.

Then she saw an advertisement asking for Welsh

actors. She answered it and found to her astonishment that the advertiser was Emlyn Williams. He gave her an audition and engaged her for the parts of Mme. Arcati in *Blithe Spirit* and the maid in *Night Must Fall* with which he was to entertain the Forces on the Continent.

Although she was practically unknown in the West End before her appearance in *The Relapse* she had great success in New York as Miss Prue in John Gielgud's production of *Love for Love* last year.

IT is disappointing to know that *Cockpit* is to be withdrawn at the Playhouse on April 10 and that *The Hidden Years* finishes at the Fortune a week later for they are two of the most interesting productions of the year, each excellent of its kind and dealing with a serious theme in an adult way. Both plays were well received by the Press though neither of them could perhaps be described as "commercial."

They owe their production to the London Mask Theatre, a non profit-making organization which has been devoting the surplus made by *The Linden Tree* at the Duchess to backing worthwhile plays. Money could hardly be devoted to a better purpose in the theatre. Had *Cockpit* been staged by an ordinary commercial management it would probably have been withdrawn after three days whereas it will have run for seven weeks with the benevolent aid of the Mask Theatre. It has entailed a considerable financial loss.

The Hidden Years, which was produced on January 23, did well for the first month but after that business waned and about £1,500 has been lost on the production. Fortunately *The Linden Tree* continues to flourish both at the Duchess and on tour.

Beaumont Kent

Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations
by Hoffnug]

At The Pictures

Escape from the Present

So our holiday from Hollywood is all but over. We may feel, as after other holidays, that it has been all too short; or that after seven months we have had more than enough of a good thing. It has not perhaps turned out to be quite as good as we expected. British studios have proved lamentably unequal to the challenge, and most of us will be thankful to see Hollywood pictures back again—even if the priority list of air passengers is ominously headed by such subjects as *Forever Amber* and the obnoxious *Bishop's Wife*.

Personally I shall regret the passing of revivals—just when they were beginning to get interesting. Also I regret that it has not been found possible to put any restriction on the renewed Hollywood imports, which would bring us only the Grade A selected cream of American film products—as on the whole we get only the cream of Continental pictures.

Two new films from Italy and from France might almost have been specially selected in honour of the Brussels Pact for a Western Union to defend Europe's most cherished values; or as a chastening example to the Anglo-Saxon powers of the ease with which these two ancient but impoverished European nations have mastered the mechanical modern medium and civilized the cinema.

LAST year three realistic Italian films startled and enchanted us by their natural simplicity and humanity. Now one of Pirandello's philosophical fantasias in search of a missing identity appears at the Academy as a screen melodrama of quality. Although *Enrico IV* is only partially in period costume, it combines the attributes of full-blooded costume melodrama, after which British pictures have been groping so grotesquely, with a measure of the dramatist's subtlety and with the same humanizing touch which distinguished the post-war Italian pictures.

There seems to be no cliché of the cinema, no stock situation or character which the Italians cannot make appear fresh and natural. The twentieth-century madman who believes he is the Emperor Henry IV (of Canossa fame) and maintains a whole palaceful of retainers in mediaeval costume is a fantastic figure. He is here a touching human being.

THE device of flashback has been used *ad nauseam*. Here, when the hero suddenly recovers sanity, it seems only natural to recall the events of twenty years earlier and the accident at a fancy-dress party which sent him off his head. Nobody but the Italians, I feel sure, could introduce the Botticelli heroine (Clara Calamai) in the hideous skinned-rabbit look of the 1920s and in an instant make us forget her Eton crop and knee-waist. Vengeance at a second

party, staged in the hope of restoring Enrico's memory, rounds off the melodramatic pattern with his chosen escape into insanity; the scene is lifted by the sensibility of direction (by Giorgio Pastina) and playing to the plane of tragedy which Pirandello claimed for his play.

Osvaldo Valenti never, after the initial deliberate deception, leaves us in doubt whether Enrico is mad or sane at a particular moment. When he first regains sanity he rushes out in search of his former beloved, to find himself looking through the window at the nuns keeping vigil over her dead body—a pure *Stella Dallas* scene which Valenti plays with a pathos that excludes all hint of banality.

It may be heresy to suggest that Italian screen acting is a shade truer even than the French school we have so long and ardently admired. Signor Valenti's performance certainly is a blend of flamboyant richness with simplicity which I have not seen rivalled.

No comparison can be made with the French acting in *Farrebique* which reaches the Curzon loaded with grand prizes. For *Farrebique* is a documentary—the first major French documentary I believe—and the actors are authentic French peasants in the department of Aveyron in what the synopsis calls the centre but I should call the deep South of France. With the alternative title of *The Four Seasons*, this is the pastoral type of documentary

I should have expected rather from the Italians than the French: simple, exquisite, humane, wholly unsentimental record of the traditional life on a farm, it is as refreshing a balm, as pure a delight, as a year of living buried on that farm would be—starting NOW.

For a year the film lived in the farm with the canny thrifty peasants and their black-dressed womenfolk. It saw the dishes kept warm in a bed; saw the land ploughed, the grain sown, reaped, threshed; the cows milked; the sheep, the geese, the pigs hustled kindly enough in for the night.

It knew every repressed stress and strain in the family, its undercurrents of humour; knew every pro and con of having electricity installed and the quick sly pleasure of the old woman when it had come. The film saw a baby born in the spring with the lambs and the flower-buds and the foal; saw the estate divided up at a classic round-table family conference with the local accountant presiding over the bargaining; saw the good wiry little father collapse in the summer fields and retire to the fireside; saw his empty chair and the old man on his deathbed. And always the new house would be built next year.

Best of all, to my ear, the film caught the sounds of the farm: the clucking of hens busily pursuing



fallen grain, the splashing of water to mix with the flour, the tackier plop of dough being kneaded, the cry of owl, crow, bat and fox, the din of the threshing machine, the creaking wheels of the ox-carts, the church bells, the dry rattle of family prayers. Only for the symphony of spring does a musical accompaniment break in—legitimately enough, but regrettably I thought—to the stillness of natural sound.

The stern documentary school scorns "escapist" cinema; *Farrebique* is my idea of escape—escape to the good life.

At the Academy, with *Enrico IV*, is a little British documentary *A String of Beads* which on a very much slighter scale treats the life of an Assam tea garden worker with similar simplicity. Beautifully photographed and with a poetic but unaffected commentary written by Laurie Lee, it is not unworthy to be mentioned in the same breath as *Farrebique*.

ADMIRERS, whether primitive or perverse, of the grotesque, the Gothick, the ghost-story and all its substitutes, may find themselves fascinated by the first half of *Corridor of Mirrors* at the Odeon, Leicester Square. Thus far is it possible to put up with the over-complex narrative forms—story within a story, first-person commentary by the heroine, and flashback from her visit to a lover now a waxwork in Madame Tussaud's; possible to tolerate the exaggerated slowness, the overwhelming close-ups of Miss Edana Romney, as a broadly effective build-up to a climax. Eric Portman, as a precious artist, looks a promising waxwork. Madder than Pirandello's Enrico, he too tries to escape to the past, he owns a Florentine Palace in Regent's Park and keeps a gondola on the canal. His marble halls are inhabited only by an elusive and down-at-heel manservant, an even more elusive first-war D.P. and the latter's white cat. The collection of Borgia jewellery and of Renaissance costumes have only been waiting for Miss Romney whom Mr. Portman met and charmed in a night club.

Such portentously presented nonsense must surely lead somewhere, I hoped. Unhappily, no positive climax ever comes, only an immensely drawn-out anti-climax. A conception calling for execution by at least Orson Welles, if not Cocteau, is really not the right vehicle for a budding young director (Terence Young) and a would-be star.

On Miss Romney—co-producer and co-author as well as star—I reserve judgment. In this particular picture she looked like a handsome woman who had been told that on the screen you mustn't pull faces. I rather wished she would. But my mind was left at least ajar to conviction that in some different film, and more sternly directed, perhaps Miss Romney may do better.



MARIANO STABILE

as Falstaff. Verdi's last opera, the mature child of his old age, calls for inspired singing and acting, particularly in the title rôle. In Mariano Stabile he would have found his ideal. This singer-actor, now triumphing at the Cambridge Theatre as Sir John, is repeating his success at La Scala, Milan. His heavy make-up, an ordeal in itself, includes a false top to his head, false nose, false stomach, even a false back to his neck and an elastic beneath his jaw to produce a "double chin." His enthusiastic reception is richly deserved. He is the founder and first president of Italian Equity to whom their Government has recently made a grant of 700 million lira for the assistance of opera in the smaller towns. In addition to Falstaff, Stabile is also appearing as Dr Malatesta in *Don Pasquale*, and as the infamous Scarpia in *Tosca*.



George Bilainkin.

AT THE COURT
OF ST. JAMES'S

Pearl Freeman
Mme. Eusebio A.
Morales, wife of the
Panamanian Chargé
d'Affaires

IN the tense, dark days when the sole remaining free fortress in Europe was threatened with starvation, and ships of the friendly but technically neutral United States of America could not help us, a resolute, square-shouldered young man was to be seen hurrying about the damp streets of Liverpool, impervious to bombs, splinters and tumbling buildings. He was Señor Don Eusebio A. Morales, Consul-General of the Republic of Panama, speaking flawless English, cordially helpful with the

British high officials and the dockers, eager to do all that could be arranged for the people he learnt to love as a student on these shores at the age of 16½.

To-day he is the Chargé d'Affaires of the Legation of the Republic, in a post of even greater international delicacy.

IN 1940 the American ships were "transferred" to Panama, and entered harbours in North-West England with the Panamanian ensign. An average of 100 a year reached Merseyside filled with food and munitions to sustain us.

Panama has about 650,000 inhabitants, who spend what is surely a world record, a quarter of their income, on education. It showed its independence by the recent request to the U.S. to leave the 100-odd bases lent during the war on Panamanian, as distinct from Panama Canal zone, territory. The zone is a ten-mile strip. But let it not be forgotten that within a few days of Pearl Harbour, Panama's folk threw in their lot with the Allies.

In 1942 Morales left Liverpool for London, to become in turn Commercial Counsellor, Counsellor of Legation, more recently Chargé d'Affaires. With candour and courage he has not hesitated from ordering "deflagging" where he has become convinced on evidence from the British authorities that ships were taking illegal immigrants to Palestine. Thanks to Morales's action seven ships have in a year lost their "flag," and three are detained in Swedish or in Danish harbours.

HE was born in Paris to the wife of Don Eusebio A. Morales, who died at 24½ while occupying the posts of Professor of Psychology in Panama and Chief State Prosecutor. In Paris he worked to secure a diploma from the college of higher commercial studies. Then his grandfather (Don Eusebio A. Morales, the name also of his eldest son, aged 15) sent him to London. He left Britain in 1928 to become a junior executive with the Royal Bank of Canada in Panama. The name was an honoured one, for the grandfather was Panama's first Minister of Education and League of Nations delegate, and had held every State office.

At 22 he married the vivacious descendant of the Liberator Bolívar's associate, Señora Ana Luisa Lopez Fabrega. In 1938 Morales joined the Foreign Office, and shortly afterwards was sent to Liverpool.

In his precious free hours he is as interested in the fate of football clubs as in cricket in the Empire, and adds sadly, "I wish it were not so difficult to secure tickets for club matches." But in the deep, searching eyes, there is a new twinkle as he reads of the triumphs of the eldest of his three children at the Roman Catholic Eton, Stonyhurst. He bowls with brilliance, and has for several years captained a cricket side.

Morales is the diplomatist of the future, serene, multi-lingual, fact-conscious, a credit to a tiny State, and with a harrowing burden of responsibility.



H.E. the Siamese Ambassador and Mme. Direck Jayanama receiving H.R.H. the Princess Zaid, who has recently held an exhibition of her own paintings in London, and H.E. Prince Zaid ibn al-Hussein, the Iraqi Ambassador

Reception at the Siamese Embassy

For the Opening of the Siamese Art Exhibition



Mrs. C. H. Holmes and Cdr. C. H. Holmes talking to Mme. Scrubhadung, who is the wife of the Naval Attaché



Sir John Lang, of the Admiralty, Mr. Luang Ach Bisalkich, and Cdre. Tully Shelley (U.S. Naval Attaché)



Mrs. J. H. Haigh and S/Ldr. J. H. Haigh were two of the guests at the reception



Mrs. W. Haydon and Mr. W. Haydon had been consulting the catalogue of the paintings

Priscilla in Paris

All for £35

PEOPLE have written to ask me: (a) "How much does it cost to live in France?" (b) "How long can one expect to stay in Paris for £35?" The second question is the easier of the two.

For £35 per head one can almost enjoy the illusion of a pre-war week-end. (This is supposing one gets about 30,000 frs. on the exchange. I am not strong even on my own sketchy kind of arithmetic, and can make neither heads or tails, no matter how long I toss, of the arithmetic of the Office des Changes.) For a week-end one can go all Ritzy. Take stalls at the Opéra and fauteuils-club at the Folies Bergère and Casino de Paris. Have supper at the dear old Bœuf sur le Toit or Suzy Solidor's Club de l'Opéra. Drop a bit at the races on Sunday afternoon, after having hired a car to go there, and enjoy a good look round the luxury shop-windows next morning. If one has won at the races, to eke out the "£" one can even do a bit of shopping, but in that case one must stay over until Tuesday, since our hard-working Labourites don't allow shops to open on Mondays in this village.



If one stays a whole week one must try the smaller hotels and only take taxis—providing the chauffeurs are willing to go in the right direction. Buy one's theatre tickets after queueing-up at the theatre itself instead of phoning down to the hotel concierge. Try side-street publets for one meal out of two and go easy on champagne and night-clubs.

If the sojourn stretches to a fortnight the hotels are cheaper on the Left Bank. Transportation by Métro and motor-bus is exciting and not very complicated: one buys *cartes de tickets* (books of tickets) and one takes balcony seats at the theatres or makes do with the cinema. Electric trains run frequently to famous suburbs—Versailles, Compiègne and Fontainebleau—and, if one is given that way, one can picnic in the forests. If one wants to stay a month it can be done, of course. But it is best to bring one's tea, butter ration, soap and powdered milk. One must not mind haggling and being firm with the voracious landlord.

Remember that one very excellent by-law exists over here. All over France all the restaurants, big or small, must exhibit their menu and prices in their windows or outside the door, where passers-by and all that run may read.

As to the first question, "How much does it cost to live in France?" I refuse to answer. I've just sent in my Income Tax declaration, and who knows whether my *percepteur* does not read English?

THERE will be some good shows for tourists. A musical play, based on Sardou's famous dramatic comedy and entitled *La Maréchale Sans-Gêne*, has just opened at the Châtelet. For the sentimentally-inclined there is a revival of *Romance* at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, and for those who like sparks and spangles there is *Violettes Impériales*, a very blatant show at the Mogador. What more can one want?

Voilà!

One of these recent sunny afternoons M. and Mme. Durand were having their fit o'clock at a restaurant in the Bois.

"This tea has a funny taste," declares Madame. "It is not tea, my dear—it's coffee!" says Monsieur.

The waiter comes to the rescue: "Will Madame have a little more chocolate?"



Members of the Committee which organised this enjoyable and high-spirited ball: Mr. David Eady, Mr. Kenneth Poolman, Miss Kathleen Byron, Mr. John Marriott and Mr. Elwyn Thomas

The Granta Ball

Many Visitors at the Annual Cambridge University Event



Miss P. Perry and Miss S. Stevens put a perplexing question to Mr. J. D. Ward



Mr. John Wordie and Miss Ann Bennett study the programme as they sit out a dance



Mr. Brown pledges Miss Ware after they have discarded their dominoes



Mrs. Peter Ustinov, wife of the playwright, with Mr. Louis Vasquez



Mr. Charles Gordon, Miss Dolly Bolton, a guest from U.S.A., Mr. Jimmy Foxe-Andrews and Miss Diana Underhill. Many wore fancy dress at the ball, which was voted one of the best ever held



Roper, Malmesbury

The V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) hunt recently had a lawn meet at Charlton Park, Malmesbury, former residence of the Earls of Suffolk and Berkshire and now occupied by Wings Girls' School. On the left is the Duke of Beaufort with the Joint-Master, Lt.-Col. C. H. S. Townsend. In the jeep is Lady Apsley, Joint-Master, and on the right Joe Grant, huntsman, and Mr. Gawthrop, whipper-in. Members of the hunt, which last met at Charlton in 1913, were entertained by the headmistress, Mrs. J. Hilsden, and her staff, and took a bowl of punch in the central hall. Many of the girls, who had a day off, followed the hunt

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

THOUGH the Royal tour of New Zealand and Australia is nine full months distant, Their Majesties have now made it known among their friends that they will not leave before early January next year. Much of the advance planning is being done with the recent example of the South African tour as a guide, and the Royal entourage will be approximately the same in numbers, though its composition is likely to be different. The three Ladies-in-Waiting will share attendance on the Queen and Princess Margaret, while two members of the King's private secretariat and two equerries will also be among the party. Friends of good-looking, dark-haired W/Cdr. Peter Townshend imagine that he will be one of the equerries after the outstanding success he made of his duties on the South African tour, when he also filled the position of acting Master of the Household.

I understand that Their Majesties will visit New Zealand first, then New South Wales and other parts of Australia, including Tasmania, and will finish the tour, according to present indication, at Perth, Western Australia, where they will rejoin H.M.S. Vanguard for the journey home.

MEMBERS of the Hudson Institute recently had an interesting day when they listened to three short talks and ended up as guests at a dinner-party given by Sir Eugen Millington-Drake, chairman of the Institute, at his fine house in Hill Street. The speakers were Señorita Zorilla de San Martín, daughter of the famous Uruguayan sculptor, who came to England in 1946 as a British

Council Scholar to study acting, and is returning to Uruguay this month. She spoke most interestingly of her experience as a student at the R.A.D.A.

She was followed by Señor Odilon Ponce, Professor of the Military Academy of Cordoba, who was over here as the guest of the Institute and has recently visited many of our universities. The object of his visit was to gather information for the proposed University City in Cordoba, and his talk was on his own university, founded in 1603, and was entitled "Cordoba, the Oxford of Argentina."

The third speaker was Mr. G. S. Fraser, the young Scottish poet and writer, who was a member of the British University party which visited the River Plate last year: he gave some brief impressions of his short stay in Uruguay and the Argentine.

LADY EFFIE MILLINGTON-DRAKE was away, and in her absence her sister, Lady Craigmyle, acted as hostess and received the guests with Sir Eugen in the fine reception rooms on the first floor at Hill Street. Those present included the Uruguayan Ambassador and Mme. MacEachen, and the Argentine Ambassador and Mme. Labougle. M. Labougle told me he had just completed an interesting tour of the textile industry in Lancashire.

Other guests enjoying this delightful party included Dame Irene Vanbrugh and her brother, Sir Kenneth Barnes; Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme, Sir Edward and Lady Wilshaw, also Mr. Stanley Evans and Mr. Skeffington-Lodge, both members of the newly-formed parliamentary group for relations with

South America. After dinner Carmen del Rio sang Latin-American songs and Señorita de San Martín gave some clever recitations in English, Spanish and French.

MADY CHRISTIANS got a great ovation after the final curtain on the first night of John Van Druten's delightful play *I Remember Mama*, in which she not only played the part of Mama with heartrending sympathy, but had also directed the fine production. This play ran for two years in New York, and looks like filling the Aldwych for many months. On the opening night Kathleen Duchess of Rutland, Lady Anderson, Lady Juliet Duff and Rose Marchioness of Headfort were among the audience. Next morning tickets were booked by Queen Mary, the keenest playgoer in the Royal Family, who took Prince George of Denmark on the fourth night, when she received Mady Christians and several members of the cast in her box during the interval.

WHAT everyone described as one of the best parties since pre-war days was given recently by four joint-hostesses: Mrs. Derek Hoyer-Miller, who looked very attractive in an off-the-shoulder brown dress; the Earl of Radnor's youngest sister, Lady Helen Smith, wearing blue; Mrs. Blake-Tyler, very attractive in black, and Lady Marion Philipps, in a dress made of lovely old yellow brocade. This was taken as an opportunity for their numerous friends to say good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Hoyer-Miller before they left for Washington, where he has been appointed an additional Minister

at the Embassy. In these hard days the cost of giving a party is generally heavy, but in this instance it was different, as Mrs. Hoyer-Miller is the only child of Jonkeer and Mme. Van Swinderen, who lived here from 1913-37, when he was Minister for the Netherlands, and the party was given in their lovely house in Eaton Square. Also it was a "champagne bottle party," guests bringing a bottle with them.

Among the 200 guests enjoying the excellent band in these lovely surroundings, where the scent of spring flowers filled the rooms hung with lovely pictures (many of them old Dutch Masters), were Lord and Lady Harcourt, she wearing an unusual black dress with white frills, Sir Noel Charles, kept busy with many conferences these days, accompanied by Lady Charles, the Peruvian Ambassador and Mme. Berckemeyer, Lt.-Col. Henry and Lady May Abel-Smith, also his youngest brother Mr. Alex Abel-Smith, with his lovely American wife, who looked fascinating in a white tulle dress. Mr. Roger Makins brought his American wife, who is the eldest daughter of Mr. Dwight Davis. He served in Washington for several years before the war, and, in fact, the evening seemed to be, for many guests, a reminder of residence in Washington during recent years.

Others enjoying this good party, which went on until after 3 a.m., were Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Clark, Mr. Reggie Williams and his attractive wife, Mr. John Foster, Major John Morrison, the Member for Salisbury, and the Hon. Mrs. Morrison, tall Lord Reay, Countess Carlo Roberti, Mr. Jock Colville, who has become such an efficient member of the Royal Household, where he carries out the duties of Private Secretary to Princess Elizabeth, and, of course, the four hosts: Mr. Derek Hoyer-Miller, the Hon. David Smith, Mr. Harry Blake-Tyler, who has now forsaken the diplomatic world for commerce and is with the Shell Oil combine in Spain, and the Hon. Hanning Philipps.

THE Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama (which is to be repeated this year) proved so successful that the city of Bath has decided to follow suit, and has arranged the Bath Assembly, a festival of Arts, to take place from April 21st to May 1st.

The Glyndebourne Society has been invited by the city of Bath to arrange a programme of opera, plays, orchestral concerts, puppets and films to form a Festival of the Arts for Young People. It has been designed for parents and their children to introduce that rare combination of art, setting and ceremonial which go to make a festival. The Assembly opera, under Glyndebourne direction, will give performances of Mozart's *Il Seraglio*, sung in English, and the Sherek Players are doing a new play. Concerts will include Boyd Neel's Orchestra, with Leon Goossens as soloist, the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, under Sir Adrian Boult, and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Karl Rankl. For their second concert the London Philharmonic will have the great Italian conductor Victor de Sabata, with the violinist Gioconda de Vito, who will be on her first visit to this country.

An international festival of children's films has been arranged by the Rank Organisation, including films from Russia, Portugal, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, and some made in Great Britain. A period-costume ball is to be held in the Pump Room during the Festival, and the Assembly will conclude with a carnival on May Day.

IT is early days to talk about the Edinburgh Festival, which will take place from August 22nd to September 12th, but I know many readers who enjoyed it last year and many who are hoping to fit it in this year will be glad to hear arrangements are well ahead. The Glyndebourne Opera plan to give a three-weeks Mozart season, playing *Don Giovanni* and *Così fan Tutte*, with an interesting cast and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. The Compagnie Jean-Louis Barrault will give two plays in French, including Barrault's famous production of *Hamlet*, and I have just heard that the Old Vic Theatre Company, who were going to give a two-weeks repertory season, have agreed to withdraw from this year's Festival to make it possible to include a two-weeks season by

the American National Theatre and Academy, who will present Orson Welles in *Othello*, opening on Monday, August 23rd. The Sadler's Wells Ballet will be there for two weeks. There will again be a wealth of the finest orchestral concerts, and such great artists as Arthur Schnabel, Yehudi Menuhin and Gregor Piatigorsky will be appearing as soloists during the Festival.

MANY racing enthusiasts gathered together for the National Hunt Ball held in the lovely old fifteenth-century Rossley Manor, built in Cotswold stone, which the owner, Capt. Coxwell Rogers, has turned into a most comfortable and up-to-date country club, and where many people were staying for the recent National Hunt meeting. After an excellent dinner in the fine panelled dining-room and the adjoining rooms, they danced in the picturesque Long Room, with its ancient oak beams, until the early hours of the morning.

There were many pink coats to add gaiety to the scene; I met Admiral Sir Francis Marten, who was Joint-Master of the Cotswold Hounds from 1928-34, wearing his pink coat, and his son, Cdr. Toby Marten, who has recently been appointed an Equerry to H.M. the King; he was dancing with pretty Miss Shedden, who was in the party with her mother, Mrs. Shedden, and her uncle, Major Dermot Daly, who was still walking with the aid of a stick as the result of his recent sudden illness. It will be remembered Major Daly rode the winner of the National Hunt Steeplechase in 1946 and 1947.

ANOTHER fine horseman in this party was Col. Peter Payne-Galwey, whom one always connects with the Grand Military meeting, where he has had many successes. Capt. Coxwell Rogers had a party including Mr. "Lobby" Villars, Gen. Coxwell Rogers, accompanied by his wife, Mrs. Connolly and Miss Mary Cohen. Also at the dance were the Hon. Roger Mostyn, who told me he is studying at the Cirencester Horticultural College, with



H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh leaving one of the show houses during their visit to the "Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia. Accompanied by Lord and Lady Rothermere, they took the greatest interest in the display



Her Majesty Queen Mary arriving for a matinée performance of the play "Gathering Storm," lately at the St. Martin's. Her Majesty, who will be eighty-one in May, has always taken the keenest interest in the theatre

his very pretty wife in white; Mrs. Crossman, the Joint-Master of the Cambridgeshire; Mr. John Healing, and Miss Jane Healing, who brought a party of friends. Also Lord Morris in a party with Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Seldon-Truss and her daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. George Glossop, pretty Miss Rosemary Agnew, who came in a party with her stepfather and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Napier Rowlett, Major and Mrs. Peter Herbert, Mr. and Mrs. Tim Powell, and Major Blaydon, who trained Lord Shrewsbury's Sam Spider, which ran in the National Hunt Steeplechase, and his wife.

SELDOM have I seen such enthusiasm at any gathering for charity as there was in the American Women's Club, when they held the first committee meeting for the American Ball to be held at the Dorchester on April 13th. The proceeds from this ball will be used to inaugurate a fund for the Relief and Research of Infantile Paralysis in Great Britain. Mrs. Lewis Douglas, President of the Ball Committee, spoke in her usual clear and convincing manner, and told us how a similar fund had been started some years ago in the United States with a ball on the birthday of the late President Roosevelt, and was repeated yearly, and she hoped this ball in London would also become an annual affair.

Her quiet, sensible and serious words fired the enthusiasm of everyone, and when Mrs. Clarke, the very efficient organiser, got up to offer tickets for the ball, there was a rush of requests from all over the room, and in a few minutes over 500 two-guinea tickets had been sold, and these, added to donations, raised £2,900 at the meeting alone.

As nearly 800 tickets have already been sold for this ball, which, it is hoped, Mrs. Roosevelt will attend, and which promises to be one of the best of the season, with sideshows and an American buffet, the Dorchester management have also done their share to help the Fund, and arranged to let the committee have the use of the Restaurant, as well as the large ballroom, so that the ballroom will not be too overcrowded. Tickets, which will have to be limited, can be obtained, if you apply quickly, from 79, Davies Street, W.1.



Over the first fence in the Farmers' Race. The winner, Mr. E. M. Peck's Shellube (No. 30), Mr. B. M. Comerford up, takes the lead early on. The meeting was held at Cottenham, between Cambridge and Ely

A "MIDSUMMER IN MARCH" POINT-TO-POINT

The Cambridge University United Hunts' Club Holds Its Meeting in Record-Breaking Weather



Lady Allerton, Lord Allerton and Capt. John Bayley, who rode an entry by Lord Allerton, who is the third baron



Major Keith Cameron, owner of that fine performer Schubert, and Mrs. Keith Cameron in the paddock



Miss Ann Chalk with Mr. Henry Marks, who was one of the riders at this most satisfactory meeting



Mr. J. T. Pemberton points out some of the best entries to Mrs. Francis Pemberton



Enjoying the hot sunshine in between races were Mrs. C. Hockley and Mr. W. R. Lewis



Miss N. Routledge and Mr. E. B. Harvey exchange views on the day's prospects



Mr. Gillett and Mr. M. Clifford were two more who found plenty of interest in the paddock



Mr. D. Havers, Mrs. M. S. Howard and Mrs. Waller Stevens pick out likely winners in the race-card



Capt. I. Herbert becomes unexpectedly airborne at the first fence in the Lightweight Race, which he won

Golfing Doctors Dine at the May Fair



Viscount Simon, with Dr. Hope Gosse, the chairman, at the Medical Golfing Society dinner



Mr. J. Everidge, Dr. Rayner and Mr. V. E. Negus were three more of the guests



Viscount Bruce, another guest of honour, talking to Mr. L. G. Brown



Sir Geoffrey Shakespeare, who was formerly Under-Secretary for the Dominions, and Dr. C. Carron Brown



The first Malcolm Club for the welfare of R.A.F. other ranks was opened in Algiers in 1943. There are now about forty, and the latest, opened at Cadogan Gardens recently, is for officers. Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder, the President, is seen speaking, with Sir James Barnes, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Air, on his right, and Lady Barnes, who opened the Club, and Lady Tedder on his left

A NEW MALCOLM CLUB OPENED



S/Ldr. Peter Herring and Miss D. Waring, were present at the ceremony



Air/Cdre. and Mrs. T. C. Miller were also among the guests



Mr. Bruce Seton lights a cigarette for his wife



Lady Tedder, working vice-president, with Air/Cdres. G. R. Spencer and G. R. Beaumont



Mrs. Ritchie, a Malcolm Club worker, offers refreshment to Air Vice-Marshal S. C. Stafford

Swales



A dinner party at Rossley Manor Country Club, near Cheltenham, where the National Hunt Ball was held after the Cheltenham three-day meeting: Round the table are Miss Bromfield, Col. Payne Galwey, Mrs. Shennan, Admiral Sir Francis Marten, whose party it was, Mrs. Cross, Cdr. Toby Marten, Miss Clare Shennan and Mrs. Walsh

THE NATIONAL HUNT BALL



Another party at this very enjoyable event included Mrs. Coxwell Rogers, Gen. Coxwell Rogers, Miss Mary Cohen, Capt. Coxwell Rogers and Mrs. Connelly



Lord Morris, who is the second baron, Mrs. Bruce Belfrage, Mrs. P. Saunders and Col. V. Gilpin discuss the day's races.
The ball is described by Jennifer on page 363



Mrs. Rouse and Mr. Batty take an interval for refreshment



Col. B. Norman and Mrs. J. Brutton were two more of the guests



Major Villar and Mrs. Coxwell Rogers enjoy a smoke



Dennis Moss

Mr. and Mrs. Napier Rowlett at supper in a quiet corner



Jean Simmons gives a remarkable performance as the tragic Ophelia. Unhinged by grief at her father's death, she is seen sitting near the willow stream gathering flowers and singing pathetic little snatches of song

PITY AND TERROR IN THE "HAMLET" FILM

The two scenes shown here are contrasts chosen to illustrate the quality of Sir Laurence Olivier's production of *Hamlet*, which is to be shown to the King and Queen at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on May 6th. It is a Two Cities film, and Laurence Olivier has produced and directed it as well as starring. Because he sees the play "as an engraving rather than a painting," it has been photographed in black and white. Eighteen-year-old Jean Simmons, who has never played in

Shakespeare before, gives her best performance to date as Ophelia, especially in the scenes where she changes from a beautiful young girl to a raving madwoman; and the Queen is played by Eileen Herlie, who made such a success last year in *The Eagle Has Two Heads*. Other leading players are Basil Sydney as the King, Felix Aylmer as Polonius, Norman Wooland as Horatio, and Terence Morgan as Laertes. The costumes and scenery are designed by Roger Furse



The Queen: "Thou wilt not murder me? Help!" Eileen Herlie as the Queen and Laurence Olivier as Hamlet in the scene where Hamlet, arguing with his mother, hears a noise behind the arras. Drawing a dagger, he frightens her with it, and then turns and stabs the hidden Polonius

Photographs by Wilfrid Newton



"... the gentleman, a saucy rattle normally, has tried all the usual conversational openings... without success."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

[Decorations]
[by Wysard]

Standing By ...

BEAUTIFUL and complicated Jacobean needle-work exhibited recently by the British Council confirmed a feeling, inspired by similar pieces in our own possession, that many of the home-girls responsible not only flashed a nifty needle but, figuratively speaking, received it.

This seems clear from the way they so frequently sublimated their libidos (as the psycho-boys say) in needle-pictures showing a Court gentleman standing with his lady-love by a fountain. From the great round hollow desperate staring eyes of all such figures one perceives that the gentleman, a saucy rattle normally, has tried all the usual conversational openings—such as "Do you prefer a tansy to a syllabub?" and "I see your Cousin George was racked to death last Tuesday"—without success. Breezy remarks like "Boot, horse, saddle, and away!" and "Here's a health unto his Majesty!" have likewise failed to elicit much response.

"A what unto his Majesty?"

"Health."

"Oh."

(Long pause.)

"With, of course, a fal-la-la."

"What?"

Hopeless. The girl is as dumb as Miss Wells, that Court beauty whom Grammont compared to an exquisite dreamy sheep. Your deductions probably coincide with ours. No? (Lip bitten, twice.)

Point

PAKISTAN is making solid headway, according to latest report, and the Intelligentsia will not be unduly surprised. Propaganda in English circulated by the Pakistan boys some time ago—we received a great wad of it by mistake—was admirably printed and lavishly produced, on good thick paper.

The importance of this was brought home to us years ago by an old wise man who assured us that the Race won't believe anything printed in poor type on cheap paper. This point seems to us more vital psychologically than the late Frank Harris's theory that the Race eschews (e.g.) the French language because French is fundamentally an immoral tongue. This may be, but even more decisive is that notorious French carelessness over printing and paper. Compare any issue of *Le Temps* or the *Mercure de France* with our own organs of opinion and you'll realise that nothing printed in either foreign sheet is worth a moment's serious thought.

Lesson

NO publicity-expert should be qualified to shoot a line about the Quickfire Personal Angle (we thought, reading a recent trade manifesto) before he has paid a pensive visit to Mrs. Van Burtchell.

Mrs. Van Burtchell (d. 1775) is at the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Her husband, an eminent London dentist, who wished to strike a big new note in advertising, had Mrs. Van Burtchell embalmed, dressed in a fine laced gown, and exhibited to the public in his consulting-rooms daily from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m., Sundays excepted. Queues longer than the Van Gogh queues resulted, and business boomed. On Mr. Van Burtchell's marrying again, the second Mrs. Van Burtchell had the first Mrs. Van Burtchell immediately collected in a plain van and dumped in Hunter's Surgical Museum. She is now, as already remarked, in a glass case at the Royal College, a trifle battered but still a humiliating object-lesson to publicity-boys who think they are the wonder of the ages.

Another interesting exhibit, unless we err, is Mr. Jeremy Bentham, the Utilitarian Messiah, also in a glass case and dressed up to the nines. We don't know what Mr. Bentham is advertising,

except maybe the happiness his theories have brought the Race.

Crack

A BALLET-CRITIC meditating on a recent Covent Garden revival of *The Three Cornered Hat* took the usual catty crack at the Corregidor, who as you remember chased the Miller's virtuous wife, falls into a pond and is ultimately foiled. We deem this critical attitude to be dictated by spite.

Whoever adapted Alarcon's delightful story for the stage failed to do the Corregidor—the rough equivalent of a Recorder and a K.C. in this country—decent justice. Painful as the spectacle of a lecherous old lawyer may be to lovers of the Bar, Don Eugenio de Zuñiga y Ponce de León is brave enough, when arrested by Napoleon's troops, to die in prison stoutly refusing to truckle to the invader. Moreover, we have doubts about millers' wives. In a strictly virtuous way they seem to be teasing flirts, and floozies, leading gentlemen up the garden in a heartless fashion. Compare the wild-eyed poet in Schubert's song-cycle *Die Schöne Müllerin*, who apparently believes right up to the last moment that he has made the beautiful Milleress, but is fooled nevertheless by that floury sweetheart.

Afterthought

THE Spaniards have a proverb saying that to see other people enjoying similar misfortunes is the consolation of fools ("*Mal de muchos, consuelo de tontos*"), and it may be that ballet-critics have also chased millers' wives, using the timehonoured formula:

"Listen, Baby, I could get you on the films."

"Coo!"

"Quite easily. I happen as a matter of fact to know a man who knows J. Arthur Rank" (etc., etc.).

By quoting an eminent master-miller thus, critics probably think their sweet dusty prey will fall for them instantly. Hence, ultimately, their spiteful attacks on the Corregidor. No offence.

Symbol

OWING to an outburst of total apathy, Wortham Smock Mill, Suffolk, one of the few ancient windmills remaining in England, recently collapsed. "A matter of regret," whickered the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, dictating to some flouncy blonde.

When Halnaker—locally Ha'nacker—Mill in Sussex went the same way years ago it inspired

BRIGGS—by Graham



"Stop grouching—you'll eat what they eat upstairs, and like it..."

a noble lament, of which you probably know the final verse:

Spirits that call and no one answers,
Ha'nacker's down and England's done;
Wind and thistle for pipe and dancers,
And never a ploughman under the Sun.
Never a ploughman. Never a one.

From the same pen came a book called *The Servile State*, of which every single prophecy has now come true, though written in 1912. We wouldn't wish to detain you from the latest cricket-news, but it seems to us that apart from this striking example the art of prophecy is on the decline. At this moment an evening paper rather cruelly keeps printing rosy prophecies uttered by the Cabinet boys only two or three years ago. All have turned out perfectly imbecile, and we are now taking you over to Mo Muckstein and his Musical Madcaps. Hiya, Mo! Well hiya, leddizungemmun, the-boys-are-all-set-and-we-have-with-us-in-the-studio-to-night.

Birdie

THANKS to a Mr. Hezekiah Johnson, the citizens of Scarborough have already heard the cuckoo ("I could do the nightingale as well if I had my teeth in," boasted the admirable Mr. Johnson to an interviewer) in January, so the forthcoming chorus from a thousand country rectories announcing the advent of Spring's Harbinger to Auntie Times will be somewhat of an anticlimax, one fears.

Our information is that Auntie's black-list of cuculine suspects or pseudo-cuckoos, reading like a combined extract from Crockford's Clerical Directory and Burke's *Landed Gentry* (several ornaments of which have landed Auntie more than once) is growing yearly. Hence annual alarm and despondency in Printing House Square.

"Dare one attach any possible credence, Faughaghton, to the dithyrambic asseverations of Bart. No. 5 on the list?"

"One shrinks, Twitterley, from a charge of tergiversation, not to say perfidy. Such animadversions—"

"Alas, what are the feverish excogitations of a wayward baronet to the *lasa fides* of Archdeacon No. 35, who swears once more that he has not merely heard the cuckoo, but is one?"

Anyhow, Auntie generally takes a chance, rather dubiously. The Ideal Cuckoo Correspondence has yet to appear. It runs thus:

SIR,—Last night I heard the cuckoo for the first time. Yours, etc., ERASMUS SOAP, Ph.D., Judas Coll., Oxon.

[DEAR SOAP,—Collectively and individually, this dump doesn't give a damn.—Ed.]

Sport

AN addict of Monte Carlo wistfully recalling the Greek Syndicate of the 1920's, (which must itself be pretty wistful now), set us thinking of a less exotic but even more wistful syndicate, namely the next one—No. 57 or so—to be formed to raise the treasure of the *Florida* galleon at the bottom of Tobermory Bay, Isle of Mull.

The *Florida* blew up and sank in 1588. Her treasure can hardly be that of a galleon on the Indies run, but she carried sufficient plate and specie to get modern business men sweating on the top-line, as the Army says of the hazards of "House." The annoying tricks of tides, storms, and sand, the limitations of divers, the scepticism of the hairy natives, and the curses of the shareholders are among the occupational handicaps. Nevertheless the boys keep on trying eagerly at least once every generation, bless their angry popeyed faces.

Afterthought

THEY have one big advantage over syndicates which are fooled by fairy-tales of treasure buried by the Jesuits in Texas and the West Indies and elsewhere; namely, they know the stuff is there. Meanwhile they enjoy rain, sunshine, and the invigorating salt breezes of the Sound of Mull, which is far better than frowning all night in the Rooms at Monte Carlo. Thus does good health wait on appetite, and sucks-boo on all.

EMMWOOD'S

WESTMINSTER WARBLERS (No. 12)

The pedigree of this bird, an expert at surviving floods, is believed to date back to Noah's dove



The Tufted Field Digger—or Harvest Harrier

(*Iplowthfields - Anchatta*)

ADULT MALE: General colour above rosy pink, tufted with strata-like bands of feathers on the dome of the head, becoming extremely shaggy to rear of the mandibles and over the eye-sacs; beak pinkish and predatorily curved (for earth-turning, wool-gathering, etc.); neck feathers, inner layer white and extremely stiff, outer silky and often gaily coloured; body feathers sable, picked out with chalky stripes; shanks spindly; feet dainty and carefully placed.

HABITS: This lesser-known member of the Westminster Warbler family has, at times, been referred to as the farmers' friend. At other times it has been prefixed with colloquialisms of too blunt a nature to catalogue here. The bird is to be seen and heard to the best advantage after a good harvest, when it will

perch for hours preening its feathers and uttering its contented little cry, a kind of "Wotdidit-thilad." At other times it is silent and broody, exceptionally so after a bad harvest, and will flutter about, rather pathetically, behind the broader wing coverts of its contemporaries.

The Harvest Harrier is not over-popular with its country cousins owing to its irritating habit of bestrewing their feeding-grounds with odd forms of paper matter and other rubbish, when nesting in their areas. It also feathers its nest with red tape.

HABITATS: Normally to be seen darting or fluttering in and out of Westminster except when it becomes broody. It then bogs itself down in one of the more compatible northern shires.

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

"What's money to Alf or Bert? Simply dross! So just walk in and help yourselves . . ."



MOST people having lost some of their hard-won hoardings over the Spring Double—incidentally the most dangerous and difficult one upon which to gamble—it is obvious that the next thing to do is to collect the quadruple: the Two Thousand, the Derby, the Oaks and the Leger, and then pause to take breath before hitting the Books for six over the Cambridge and the "Sizzerwitch." If even a scintilla of what we read in some of the papers is true, this is quite easy, since all we have to do is to send "Large-hearted Alf," "Bull's-eye Bert" or "Homeanddry Herbert" a little *douceur* of, say, a guinea a week and to undertake to put them on anything from ten bob upwards to the odds, to make Cræsus, or even "Sir Gorgius Midas," look like poor old Lazarus at his stoniest.

A Rolls-Royce, a yacht, a luxury liner, an aeroplane! Why, if only you will do what Alf or Bert say that you ought to, you can have a brace of each and run, swim or fly between them as the fancy takes you. And all for a miserable paper pound-note or two. If you don't, of course, see it their way, and are so rude as to ask "Why are you compelled to work?" well, you "had," or "did," ought to go and get your bumps read. You are as stupid as all that if you don't know that these kind gentlemen are only doing it for the sheer fun of the thing and out of the kindness of their hearts. What's money to Alf or Bert? Simply dross! So just walk in and help yourselves and don't pay any attention to all those hard-working writing chaps who sweat blood trying to find you winners free, gratis and for nothing. Of course, Commissar (33 to 1 in the Lincoln) was sent to "all clients"!

The Hunting "Musician"

AN M.F.H., who happens to be a friend of mine, told me that he had had a recent complaint from one of those people who think that all fox-hunters should die the death of a thousand cuts, saying that one of his hunt servants had been very rude to him, and he thought he was due for some monetary compensation. The Master, a most courteous person, at once expressed his regret and asked which one it was. The reply came quite pat: "The Something in a Something red coat who carries the Something music!"

Only an M.F.H. knows the thorns with which his path is beset, and I recall another incident retailed to me in the jolly old times when you could go and break your collar-bone in the Fernie country. The M.F.H. got a letter saying that his blue-pencil fox had killed the undersigned's old sow, "and please pay Oi compensation—or else." The M.F.H. wrote expressing surprise, mingled with disbelief, and it is only fair to relate that he got an immediate reply saying: "'Tis all right. Warn't something fox. Old sow were in neighbour's garden!" But this is how things go if you insist

upon procuring those three magic letters after your name.

Looking at Lingfield

OF course, it is far too late for any observations on Grand National horses which performed at this meeting to be of any use to the intrepid plunger, but, purely as a matter of routine, they must be recorded. The National was on the 20th: these notes cannot hope to appear before the 24th. Here, however, are some of the verdicts of a jury of two: (1) Rowland Roy would have come it like a hundred of coals if the Lingfield fences had been Aintree ones; that his claim to be able to stay the Grand National distance has never been established, and that if he could be laid out cold by Cromwell at virtually the same difference in weight as they were put at Aintree, there was only one answer that made sense.

(2) We likewise returned a unanimous verdict that, nice young horse as he is, and well as he went, Cromwell has not yet learned how to go high enough up in the air, or to describe the arc necessary to make Aintree a healthy spot for him. He has a very nice smooth style and, so far as we (the little Bog-trotter and I) could see, he dated every one of them just right, but we thought that there was a "but." I am not a mathematician, so I must leave it to someone who is, to work out to figures the arc required to surmount an average height of, say, 5 ft., 3 ft. in width, plus in many cases a 6-ft. ditch

either to you or beyond. It is obviously a considerable one demanding no small effort, and it has to be accomplished thirty times.

There is also this fact, which is not taken into consideration as often as it might be: the "drag" of these big fences. Many of them never jump them with much daylight to spare. Everyone knows what a punch it gives you when he clouts one hard, and, remember, The Other Chap has to take the worst of the impact.

(3) Next we crossed out Roimond. We said that he does not yet jump well enough, and we said he would be amongst the slain, in spite of the determined man on his back, known to his many friends as Dick Black. It is quite easy to see that the saddle was the place in which he was foaled; but I wish they would all let their leathers down at least three holes before they go out to tackle these things that can hit back as hard as the kick of a mule. Our Lingfield notes, of course, may be proved all wrong by what has happened, but that is what we thought.

Two Jefferies Booklets

BOOKLETS—that is the form in which the good prose of one who possessed the pen of the true artist, *The Gamekeeper At Home* and *The Open Air*, is presented to us by Eyre and Spottiswoode at 8s. 6d. each. Surely an opportunity has been missed, for if these books were worth reprinting or republishing at all, they deserved something less meagre than this stunted form, which, I note, is called a "uniform" edition. Jefferies' pen-pictures cry aloud for a good artist's collaboration, and it is impossible to conceive of any painter whose imagination would not have been stirred by the wonderful touch of so good a master of the written word—a medium perhaps far more difficult than that of the brush and the canvas. What a picture is here in *The Gamekeeper!*

Outside the wood, where the downland begins to rise gradually, there stretches a broad expanse of furze growing luxuriantly on the thin, barren soil, and a mile or more in width. It has a beauty of its own when in full yellow blossom—a yellow sea of flower, scenting the air with an almost overpowering odour as of a coarser pineapple, and full of the drowsy hum of the bees in the interspersed thyme.

You can pick them almost at random in this book, and the same can be said of *The Open Air*, which was almost Richard Jefferies' last book, and one of which the editor of these two Lilliputian productions, Mr. C. Henry Warren, says: "I believe the time is come when Jefferies the interpreter of the countryside will even be preferred to Jefferies the interpreter of the countryside." I concur absolutely, and that is why I think Jefferies might have been given a better chance in these present instances.



Farewell to Pakistan. At the end of last month the 2nd Battalion of the Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment) sailed from Pakistan waters—the last British unit to leave Pakistan. Here Major-Gen. Mohd Akhbar Khan, G.O.C., Sind Area, is bidding goodbye to Lt.-Col. Neville Blair, the C.O., on the quayside. Col. Blair has been garlanded according to local custom.



R. Alberga winning the 220-yards race, with C. J. Brereton hard on his heels



The three-mile race in progress during the University sports finals at Cambridge. R. M. Jones, who won, is in the lead



The 880-yards final. P. Hill is breaking the tape, with R. Halstead second



R. E. Williams, C. E. Piper and R. M. Jones, winners of the mile, quarter-mile and three-mile respectively, with their cups

Cambridge Running Champions

Scoreboard

AT THE MATCH.

Kindly remove your hat, Madam,
I cannot see the match,
Granting it is a hat, Madam,
Not half a cabbage-patch.

And you, Sir, breathing onions,
I must request you not
To stamp so on my bunions,
They're the only ones I've got.

Your comments on the referee
Argue an ignorant state;
He cannot run or hear or see,
But he is legitimate.

Representatives of both families,
His mother's and his sire's,
Fought on the field of Ramillies,
If anyone enquires.

A penalty? Now tell me, please,
For whom, and by what Rule?
Against us? Why, this referee's
Just a misbegotten fool.

THE services of Esperanto Jones, the International Sportsman, will not, after all, be required in the Olympic Games. "I am not so much disappointed as amazed," he told me when I called on him in his Henri Quatre study. "However," he continued, "it will give me an opportunity of getting on with my plan to swim the Channel under water. It will require certain respiratory adjustments. For the last hour I have been holding my breath, and still am holding it. It's easy when you find out how. I hope to make my attempt on St. Swithin's Day. I shall come up twice for coal, and once just to see where I am." And he flexed his *latissimus dorsi* till his braces played the well-known Air on the G String.

WHEN a Trade Delegation arrived recently from Central Europe at a London Railway Terminus, they were besieged by autograph-hunters and garlanded with primroses. From the station they were conducted to a luxury motor coach and driven to a West End Hotel. Here, the manager locked them in a reception room. "In case the boys get at you before the match," he said, poking his head round the door. "What match?" asked the leader of the Delegation, through his collar of now faded flowers. "The semi-final," answered the manager and turned the key.

WHILE, with your feet on the mantelpiece and nausea spreading from your spleen, you read these words, the golfers of Oxford

and Cambridge will be cracking away at each other on the links at Sandwich. To Sandwich I was sent for my first act of reportage by Howell Gwynne, editor of *The Morning Post*; once the oldest newspaper, now a phantom appendage of the *Daily Telegraph*. Memory recalls the wits and worthies of that true-blue journal: Brether-ton, who, on his morning journey from Didcot, would write a satirical poem for the "M.P." and a learned leader for the *Evening News*; Ernest Ward, who recognised no games but cricket and Rugger; Peter Lawless, who scoured the links like a genial Titan, and whose notes on the play would alone have filled a couple of columns.

The 'Varsity Match was my assignment, and my message reached the office only three hours late. Some of the finest golf ever seen in an amateur match was played by C. Middleton of Oxford and P. H. F. White of Cambridge. Each went round Prince's in 72 strokes. This pair were old friends from Charterhouse; tough and taciturn players, both. In the afternoon, White did the first nine holes in 33. Middleton's only comment to his opponent was, "I say, you're supposed to do the long holes in 4, not 3." John Haslewood had to remove a bird-bath, or, possibly, a portable sundial, to play the stroke at the 36th, with which he halved his match. But Cambridge won, easily. They lead by a few on the whole series. Yet Oxford have produced the great players: Ernest Holderness, Cyril Tolley, and Roger Wethered. Between them they won five Amateur Championships. This year Oxford have two admirable match-players in Tatum and Helm. May the sky be blue over Pegwell Bay.



IF you espy a tall handsome man with waving black hair on the towpath near Putney on Saturday, it will not be I, for, alas, I shall not be there, and anyhow, I'm getting very bald. When I was a boy at school, Oxford always won, and we dipped the Cambridge rosettes in blue-black ink. Will there ever be another dead-heat in the Boat Race? They awarded one in 1877, I fancy it was; but the judge-in-chief was generally acknowledged to have been bottled at the material moment, and, if old man Charon had punted past the post, he'd have given him the race.

R.C. Robertson-Glasgow.

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"Nightmare Abbey" and "Crotchet Castle"

"Tempestuous Petticoat"

"The Government Inspector"

"Music Tells All"

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK'S two short novels *Nightmare Abbey* and *Crotchet Castle*, written in 1818 and 1831, reappear now in one volume, in the pleasing format of Messrs. Hamish Hamilton's "Novel Library," at 6s. J. B. Priestley, a long-standing Peacock-lover, and author of the most recent study of Thomas Love, writes the Introduction. "What," he concludes by saying, "a capital idea to reprint Peacock now! What a genial tonic he is in this long, dark influenza of a world!"

Certainly. As a newcomer to Peacock, I am myself in a glow of pleasure—like all true pleasures, this is one of a kind not easy to anatomise in writing: I must be content to hope that it may be shared. I cannot feel it takes antiquarian taste to enjoy this author—who seems, though not of to-day, to be writing for to-day. In many ways he is our natural contemporary; at the same time, I seem to detect him somewhere back in the ancestry of Aldous Huxley (the Aldous Huxley of the *Crome Yellow* period) and of Evelyn Waugh.

He is a mocker with the ideally light touch, a satirist without spleen, a temperamental painter of congeniality—a congeniality at its most enjoyable and absurd. In both of these novels, the scene is laid in the country house which provides the name: gentlemen, to the accompaniment of almost everything on the wine list, ride their intellectual hobby-horses round and round in talk; ladies, few but never to be ignored, send enchanting emotional ripples through the atmosphere. This house-party form could, for the parodying of fashionable ideas and crazes, not be better.

AND, because the ideas and crazes parodied by Peacock are, in wonderfully slightly changed modern dress, still with us, *Nightmare Abbey* and *Crotchet Castle* remain as good entertainment as first they were. The first book is a skit on romanticism, the Gothic cult of the dark, the extreme, the frightful—still always producing, while Peacock wrote, that school of phoney-intense fiction which had already inspired in the young Jane Austen her burlesque, *Northanger Abbey*.

When the second book was written, the Romantic Movement had, as a craze at least, run its course: in 1831, as Mr. Priestley reminds us, already "the grim economists were writing hard. There was much talk of progress and 'the march of mind.' Theorists of every kind abounded." To Peacock, as *Crotchet Castle* shows, this particular kind of earnestness was jam.

Skits on emotional affectation being always, somehow, just a degree funnier than skits on intellectual crankiness, Peacock's 1818 novel may be, to us, more immediately enjoyable than its successor—though, with regard to the 1831 one, it may be said that the mildly agreeable pep-ups of yesterday have become the dynamite of to-day.

As to *Nightmare Abbey*, let me let Peacock give you his own scene-setting. "Nightmare Abbey, a venerable family mansion, in a highly picturesque state of semi-dilapidation, pleasantly situated on a strip of dry land between the sea and the fens, at the verge of

the county of Lincoln, had the honour to be the seat of Christopher Glowry, Esquire." Mr. Glowry's disillusioning marriage has had as issue one son, Scythrop; who, at the time of the opening of our story, has already run true to family form by having been crossed in love. The domestic staff at the Abbey have been chosen by Mr. Glowry, senior, for their names—the butler's is Raven, the steward's Crow, the valet's Skellet (deriving from the French *Squelette*), the two grooms' Mattocks and Graves. In his study in a tower of the Abbey young Scythrop devotes himself to semi-infernal projects for reforming the world. "He built many castles in the air, and peopled them with secret tribunals and bands of illuminati, who were always the imaginary instruments of his projected regeneration of the human species."

GUESTS are, however, inevitable—a little group of Gothically-minded Glowry congenials move in, more or less permanently, to the Abbey; and from local society one draws the Reverend Mr. Larynx, Vicar of Claydyke, ready for anything. And, for Scythrop, Cupid fits yet another arrow to his bow with the arrival of a young Irish cousin, the tormenting Miss Marionetta O'Carroll. . . . It is always raining a good deal; no one goes out of doors—except when we hear of someone falling into the moat—none of this nonsense about air and exercise. Here is one typical *Nightmare Abbey* interior:

The next morning, early, Mr. Toobad departed. Mr. Glowry sighed and groaned all day, and said not a word to anyone. Scythrop had quarrelled, as usual, with Marionetta, and was enclosed in his tower, in a fit of morbid sensibility. Marionetta was

RECORD OF THE WEEK

IT is not necessary to have a gramophone record to be reminded of the greatness of Mahatma Gandhi, but many people will be glad that they can now obtain his *Spiritual Message to the World*, which he speaks in English, and with all simplicity.

In this message he says, "No blind law can govern the conduct of living beings. . . . In the midst of death, life persists. In the midst of untruth, truth persists. . . . Faith transcends reason. . . . Where there is realisation outside the senses, it is infallible. It is proved, not by extraneous evidence, but in the transformed conduct and character of those who have felt the real presence of God within." I remember a General during the war saying in my presence that "there can be no peace in the world until the world is on its knees." There must be a change of heart for this to be achieved; let us hope that this *Spiritual Message* from Mahatma Gandhi may help in bringing about that change of heart before it is too late. (Columbia LB.67.)

Robert Tredinnick.



Barge Yard, Greenwich, from a water-colour by Norman Jones reproduced in "The Port of London," by John Herbert (Collins; 5s.): a compact and very readable history of a subject which, for all its size and importance, has been little chronicled

comforting herself at the piano with singing the airs of *Nina pazzo per amore*; and the Honourable Mr. Listless was listening, as he lay supine on the sofa, with a book in his hand, into which he peeped at intervals. The Reverend Mr. Larynx approached the sofa and proposed a game at billiards.

The Honourable Mr. Listless: Billiards! Really, I should be very happy; but, in my present exhausted state, the exertion is too much for me. I do not know when I have been equal to such an effort.

Quite a lot—though one might not expect it—happens before the annals of the Abbey close: Mr. Asterias, the ichthyologist, arrives to stay, in search of a mermaid; an apparent mermaid turns out to be a young lady, Stella, who, on the run, compromisingly conceals herself in Scythrop's tower; Scythrop gets himself out on a limb by swearing he will commit suicide if something particular has not happened by 8.30 one evening, and it does not happen. Fortunately, however, the Abbey clock is wrong.

IN *Crotchet Castle*, the "castle," situate in an agreeable reach of the Thames Valley, is the castellated villa of a "retired citizen," Ebenezer MacCrotchet, Esquire. Or so-called, at least, when the culmination of a high financial career first permitted his setting up as a squire in this green-gladed spot. He had, however, become "desirous to obliterate alike the Hebrew and Caledonian vestiges in his name"; further, he is projecting a double match between his own son and daughter and nearby aristocracy in the form of Lord Bosnowl and his sister, Lady Clarinda. Young Crotchet's former fiancée, Miss Touchandgo, whose banker father unfortunately lost all, is at present wandering in Wales, an abandoned nymph: it need hardly be said that she enters the story later—or, rather, the story carries itself to her; for the Crotchet Castle house-party embark, in "four beautiful cabined pinnaces," drawn by trotting horses, on a voyage through the rivers and waterways of England and Wales.

The indooriness of *Nightmare Abbey* is, in fact, made up for in *Crotchet Castle* by a succession of summery outdoor scenes, of the most charming; but, as at the Abbey, conversation comes before all. Ideas are the teeth-gnashing villains of this book; romance, with its trickeries, takes the second place. Mr. Crotchet and his entourage of theorists, to which adheres the gallant Capt. Fitzchrome in amorous pursuit of Lady Clarinda, are presented to us by Peacock with a verve, a lyrical malice which never palls. Tendentious talkers of to-day might well take a glance at their prototypes in this naughty mirror—having taken that glance, could they but take alarm?

IN *Tempestuous Petticoat*, sub-titled "The Story of an Invincible Edwardian" (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), Clare Leighton gives us a word-portrait of her mother, Marie Connor Leighton—feuilleton-author and beauty. And what a woman! This chronicle is fascinating: here are the ins-and-outs of Edwardian femininity, with a dashing Bohemianism applied. Undisturbed, in her St. John's Wood home, by three children, a husband adoring but fortunately

deaf, an exiguous household, a mounting pile of bills, a mass of dogs and a string of ardent admirers, Mrs. Connor Leighton dictated, non-stop, throughout every crisis, those heart-throbbing romances to be serialised in the Northcliffe Press. A messenger, awaiting the next instalment, was frequently at the door; the hall being at the same time liable to be blocked by milliners' girls with bandboxes containing further Merry Widow hats, on approval. "The buying of these hats was an event. My mother did not go to them. They came to her."

Mrs. Leighton considered it middle-class to take a holiday, so never did—at the same time (and in this, alone, genius could show itself) she seems to have had time for everything; particularly personal relationships of a parma-violet and Strauss-waltz kind—her three standing admirers, as pictured by her daughter, were *not* romantic, so all the necessary atmosphere must have come from her. The gramophone, whose large brown horn was kept stuffed with her lingerie in order to mute the tone down, was, of course, a help. She was a *tête-à-tête*ist. "If several people are with me at the same time," she complained, "I feel exactly like a chameleon on a tartan."

THE Leighton home, Vallombrosa, abounds, as shown by Clare Leighton, in vanished St. John's Wood charm—charm both of an *élite* and of a period. High walls, rows of lindens, thirty-seven lilac bushes in the Leightons' garden. Ladies of a *demi-monde* so distinguished as to be, practically, a *beau monde* in itself lived, in their embowered fastnesses, cheek by jowl with impeccable R.A.s, who, also, entertained royalties. Memorable, at least to her family, were the evenings on which Mrs. Leighton, clustered in expensive flowers, in a superb *décolletage* imperfectly, sometimes, concealing flannel underwear, went sailing out to a dinner-party.

Her toilet was a lengthy affair. It began with an elaborate cleaning of her face with lemons and oatmeal. If the top of her washstand was covered with mouldy, used-up lemons, the drawers of the



Simon Elwes, the artist, seen before his new study of the Maharaja of Patiala, has scored a magnificent victory over the paralysis which threatened his career. Starting afresh as a "left-hander," he is now painting better than ever before

washstand were filled with loose oatmeal. Unfortunately there were many mice at Vallombrosa; and mice like oatmeal. You had always to open these drawers very slowly, and with great care, in order to give the mice a chance to run away. Otherwise one might jump out at you. And my mother was afraid of mice.

"Dear me," she would gasp as she withdrew in a hurry from a baby mouse in the washstand drawer. "This is terrible. This is really terrible."

On every subject, we find this lady superb—many of her sayings should be pinned around

our walls, in this drabber age—and in every crisis was she, no less, indomitable. On no account miss *Tempestuous Petticoat*.

NIKOLAI GOGOL's play, *The Government Inspector*, has been very well translated into English by D. J. Campbell; it is published by the Sylvan Press at 12s. 6d. Written in 1834, this devastating satire on bureaucracy—"perhaps," says Mr. Campbell, "the greatest comedy ever written for the Russian stage"—would have stood little chance of getting past the censorship had not the martinet Tsar, Nicholas I., been so delighted and amused by his reading of it that he ordered that it should be put on.

That its success should make Gogol enemies in the Civil Service one can, having read this comedy, understand. That a very similar success is attending the performance of *The Government Inspector* by the Old Vic Company, in this our own year of grace, is not surprising. Bureaucracy may have ceased to be corrupt; it is still funny.

"MUSIC TELLS ALL," E. R. Punshon's latest detective-story (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.), has a good plot, built on the housing shortage. You may take it that if you are practically offered exactly the house you want, at the price you can pay, there must be a snag somewhere. In the case of our detective-hero Bobby Owen, and his wife Olive, there decidedly was—a dark-avised lady passionately and tempestuously playing the piano night and day, only breaking off to concoct twelve-egg omelets; and a younger neighbour, Miss Rogers, formerly an officer in the A.T.S., but cashiered for having been too quick on her gun, add, from the first, tension to the young Owens' occupation of their otherwise charming new home. And their landlord himself—was *he* not somewhat fishy? The discovery of corpses in a semi-demolished air-raid shelter certainly makes one think; as do a mystery chauffeur and the hawking of smash-and-grab-raided jewels about the village. . . . Good reading.



HUNTING NOTES



THE Belvoir recently kept a new fixture by meeting at Billingborough Hall, a fine old Tudor residence, now the residence of Mrs. Watts. Although before the war hounds frequently met at Billingborough, they have not within living memory assembled at the Hall, and Mrs. Watts (herself a keen hunting woman) entertained a very large field. Several foxes were disturbed, and although scent was not too good, there was plenty of galloping and jumping, and many dirty coats were seen at the end of the day. Two foxes escaped by finding openings underneath, and two others had extremely narrow shaves.

On the following day the Blankney were at Potter Hill (Newark district), and their best gallop came late in the afternoon when a fox from Harmston Low Covert was hunted for thirty-five minutes over a very nice country. He led with the River Brant on the left, and then, turning, he crossed the Lincoln and Grantham Railway near Harmston Station and continued towards Coleby. From there the chase was carried on to Boothby Privets. It was then practically dark and nothing more was attempted.

A BIG field met the Aldenham Harriers at Shenley Black Lion, when a hare found below Col. Wild's park took them over the grass to Ridge Hill Farm and on down to Salisbury Hall, where they were run out of scent on the plough. There was little scent all day and hounds made small progress. Mr. and Mrs. John Hodgson welcomed

all-comers at Blackwell Grange, Latimer, when hounds hunted in the Old Berkeley (East) country by invitation of Major Stanley Barratt, who was out with Mrs. Barratt and Miss Rosemary Barratt. This was a bad scenting but enjoyable day, the best hunt being on a hare from the Frith, which ran a big circle out towards Shantock before beating them.

At Coleman Green, with Ben Wilkinson hunting them, hounds put up a hare on Nomansland Farm, and she gave them a capital 75 minutes, running over the Common to Hill Farm and back before a long dog intervened and ended matters in the gorse, where the hare vanished.

THE Whaddon Chase hounds lost several days' hunting through frost. The decision to resume hunting was made by the Master, Major Cecil Drabble, at the Annual Ball of the Leighton Buzzard Young Farmers' Club. Remarking that a thaw had set in at the ball, so, no doubt, there was also one outside, he went into conference with the secretary, Mr. Boyd Thomson, and it was decided to hunt next day. The meet was Drayton Parslow and the weather really mild, although the "going" was still treacherous. However, the foxes did not oblige until Howe Park was reached, and from there a short hunt was enjoyed until the fox was lost on the outskirts of Bletchley.

Major Drabble has consented to carry on as Acting Master next season, which is welcome news to all

Whaddon followers. Cluett, the huntsman, is out of hospital and once more carrying the horn.

IN the week of the great Cheltenham Meeting nothing wonderful was produced in the way of sport with the Warwickshire hounds, scent being moderate. They did, however, have a fair sort of hunt from Sawbridge, on the Tuesday, when the meet was at Shuckburgh Hall. They ran to Shuckburgh Hill, then to the border of their own country, at Dane Holt; here they turned and ran back to the hill, and were going away again on the far side of it, as though for Napton, but they had to be stopped, as the fog was getting thick.

On the Friday they met at Whichford, and found in Weston Heath. They crossed the high road which bounds it, ran on, just touching a corner of Whichford Wood, then on again, leaving Gibbs's Spinney on the right. They ran over Weston Park and over the high road near Little Wolford, and finally marked to ground in an old pit, as they headed towards Barton.

Sincere sympathy is offered to Capt. Nickalls for the loss of his sister, after weeks of patiently-borne suffering. She had kept house for him for many years, and during that time was very active in many kinds of good works for others, and was much respected and loved.



THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Simond—Foster

Mr. C. K. Simond, M.B.E., of Roland Way, S.W.7, youngest son of Mr. C. F. Simond, C.B.E., and of the late Mrs. A. Simond, married Miss Margaret Anne Foster, only daughter of Capt. F. Foster, R.N., and Mrs. Foster, of Tyting Glen, St. Martha's, Guildford, at the Grosvenor Chapel



St. Clair-Erskine—Kelly

The Hon. David Simon St. Clair-Erskine, youngest son of the late Earl of Rosslyn, and of the Countess of Rosslyn, married Miss Antonia Kelly, daughter of the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Kelly, and the late Lady Kelly, at the Brompton Oratory.



Tindall—Kent

Capt. Joseph Angus Guy Tindall, the Gordon Highlanders, son of Dr. and Mrs. R. Tindall, of Croft-on-Tees, Yorkshire, married Miss Sheila Westray Kent, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart B. Kent, of Eastridge, Ferndown, Dorset, at St. Peter's, Vere Street



Channing—Mellor

Mr. William Ellery Channing, younger son of the late Mr. Hayden Channing, and of Mrs. Channing, of Lenox, Massachusetts, married Miss Anne Mellor, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Mellor, of Lynchmere Corner, near Haslemere, at St. Peter's, Lynchmere



Row—Vaughan

Mr. Horton Martin Row, only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Charles Martin Row, of Stanton Lodge, Fleet, Hampshire, married Miss Elizabeth Vaughan, of Onslow Gardens, S.W.7, daughter of Lt.-Col. A. D. Vaughan and the late Mrs. Vaughan, at Christ Church, Down Street



Clubb—Thomas

Dr. John M. Clubb, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Clubb, of Dulwich, married Dr. Elizabeth Mary Thomas, only daughter of Lt.-Col. Sir Reginald and Lady Thomas, of Wimbledon, at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Wimbledon



Milne—Akroyd

Mr. John Drummond Milne, son of the late Mr. J. Milne, and Mrs. Milne, of Broad-Leys, Windermere, married Miss Jean Akroyd, daughter of Mr. Geoffrey Akroyd, of Chesterfield House, W.1, at St. James's, Spanish Place

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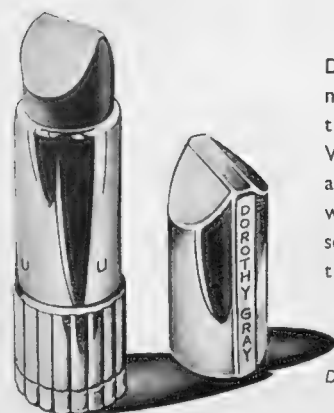
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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Navana

Miss Mary Georgina Lovelace and Captain Derek Brereton Emley. Miss Lovelace is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Lovelace, of Lunsford Cross, Sussex, and Captain Emley the only son of Colonel M. W. Emley, O.B.E., and Mrs. Emley, of Pinner, Middlesex. The wedding will take place this month



Miss Jeannette Rosalthe Johnston-Saint and the Hon. Dudley Ryder, whose engagement was recently announced. Miss Johnston-Saint is the younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. P. Johnston-Saint, of Bryanston Court, London, W.1. The Hon. Dudley Ryder is the elder son of Viscount and Viscountess Sandon, of Sandon Hall, Stafford, and is a grandson of the Earl of Harrowby



Yvonne Gregory

Miss Patricia St. Quentin Cayley and Mr. Anthony Bruce Askew, who are to be married early in April. Miss Cayley is the daughter of the late Mr. Edward Cayley, of Lindfield Place, and of Mrs. Cayley, of Rose Cottage, Lindfield, Sussex, and Mr. Askew is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Askew, of Buxshalls, Lindfield



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MOTORING NOTES

By a Correspondent

THE Standard Motor Company announces that spare parts will be obtainable for their current 8-, 12- and 14-h.p. models for the next ten years. Large stocks of spares, components and complete units will be stored for the future, against the demands that will be made when the new 2-litre Vanguard replaces all other Standard cars. Those who ordered the Vanguard may like to know that production will start in April, but the first six months' production is going to help to satisfy the overseas demand.

THERE must be many Bentley enthusiasts among readers of THE TATLER who have not yet had the opportunity of driving the latest model, especially as the export market is quite properly taking its full quota. An opportunity arose recently to try out this fascinating motor car, and potential owners may rest assured that it is very well worth while waiting for.

Superlatives often cannot be employed when describing modern products, but it can be said of this car that one never wants to drive a better one. Perhaps its sister model, the Rolls-Royce Silver Wraith, to which it bears a considerable likeness in general design, may score some more points in one direction or another but that is a matter of purely personal opinion. Some five hundred odd miles through town and country, hills and dales and on long straight roads enabled one to see just what this car would do.

Summing up, one can say that for effortless speed combined with the maximum of comfort it cannot be surpassed.

EVERYTHING one expects from a good motor car is there and can be taken for granted so that merely an odd item or two of interest in regard to bodywork and fittings need be mentioned. First, the four-door sports saloon, made by Bentley Motors themselves, is superbly upholstered with deep and comfortable seating, and has dignity and character. As to fittings the de-froster and de-mister, the electrically operated heater and the really silent windscreen wipers which are fitted function perfectly. There is an excellent radio.

Braking and steering are just what one would expect with this famous marque. So flexible is the top gear performance that gear changing is almost unnecessary. When required it may be accomplished entirely in silence, but one must remember whether third or top gear is engaged as the former is as silent as the latter. The excellent lighting system plus highly efficient braking ensures safety when driving fast in the dark. This is a magnificent motor car in every respect and enhances an already high reputation.

ANOTHER example of first-class British craftsmanship is to be found in the new Riley. Described by the makers as the 90-h.p. 2½-litre model (b.h.p. at 4,000 r.p.m. is 90), it gives an impression of abundant power

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which is fully confirmed on the open road, although having only a four-cylinder engine which would have been rated as 16 h.p. in previous years. A very noticeable feature when hitting bad surfaces is the "Torsionic" front suspension, while the steering is positive and gives great confidence at all speeds. Here again top gear performance is most commendable. The long low body line also contributes to this impression of high speed, comfort and safety. The fascia board is neat and the full array of instruments is easily readable.

A tour of some four hundred miles in mainly poor weather afforded an opportunity of trying out this interesting post-war model fully and the result was extremely favourable. In these days of excessive chromium plating it is quite refreshing to note its absence in the 2½-litre Riley.

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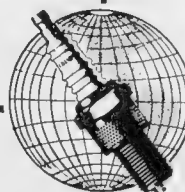
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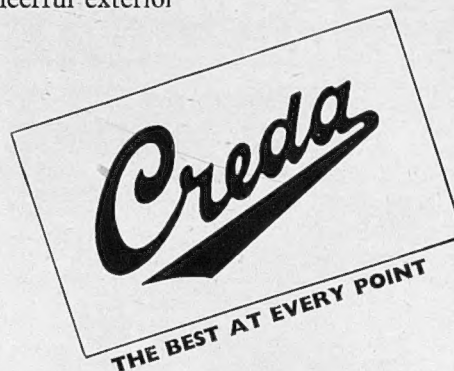
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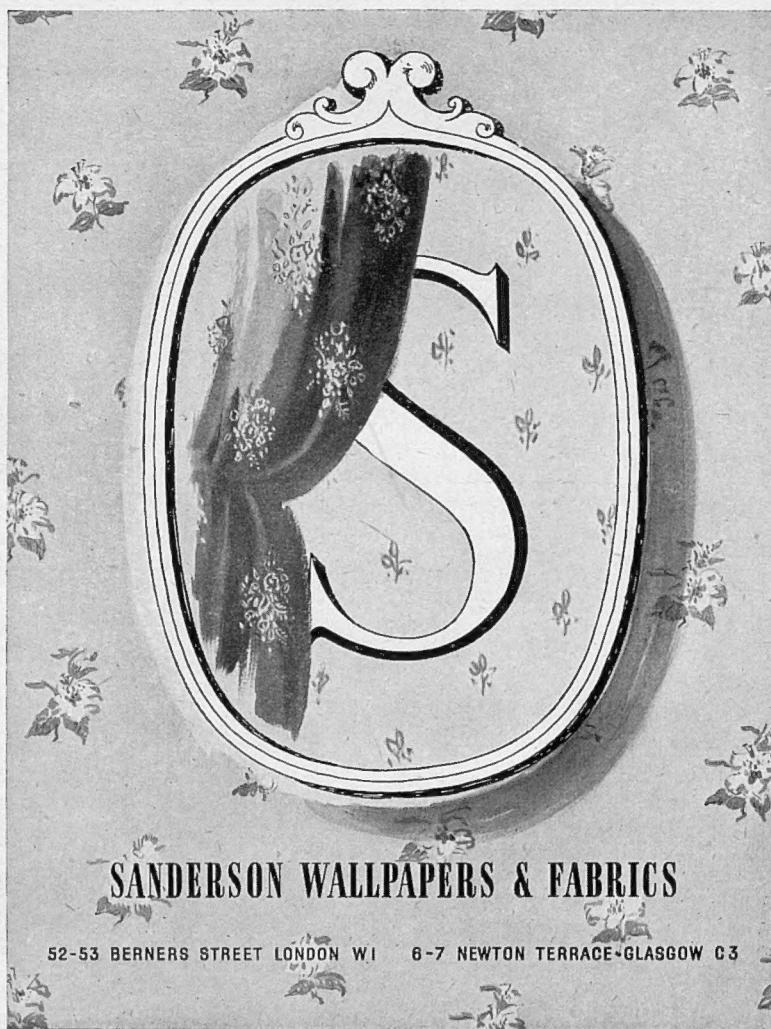
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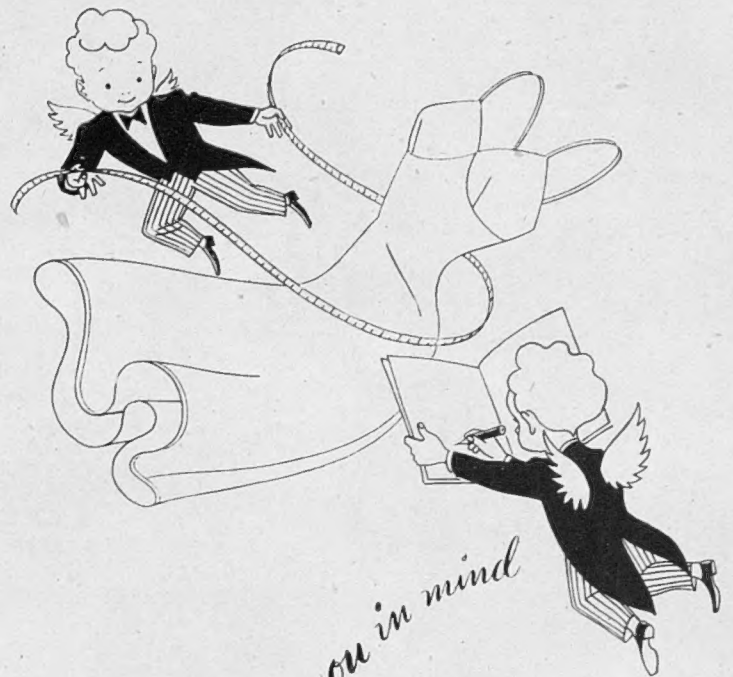
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